

# BRITANNIA *in* TEARS:

AN

## E L E G Y

O C C A S I O N E D

By the Dismission of the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>. W. P--T,  
and H. L--GE, Esqrs; from the Service of their  
*King and Country.*

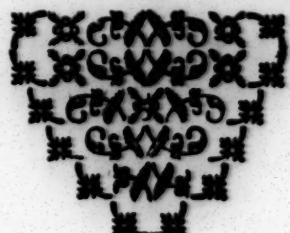
Humbly Dedicated to the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>. the LORD-MAYOR,  
and the whole Court of ALDERMEN, except *One* ; and to  
the Worthy Common-Council Men of this C I T Y.

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*Quid enim nisi vota supersunt.*

OVID.

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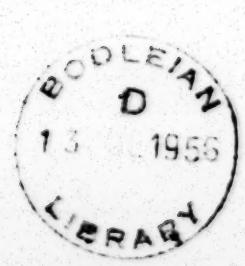


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L O N D O N :

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*To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>. the LORD-MAYOR,  
and the whole Court of ALDERMEN, ex-  
cept One; and to the worthy Common-  
Council Men of this C I T Y.*

*My Lord, and Gentlemen,*

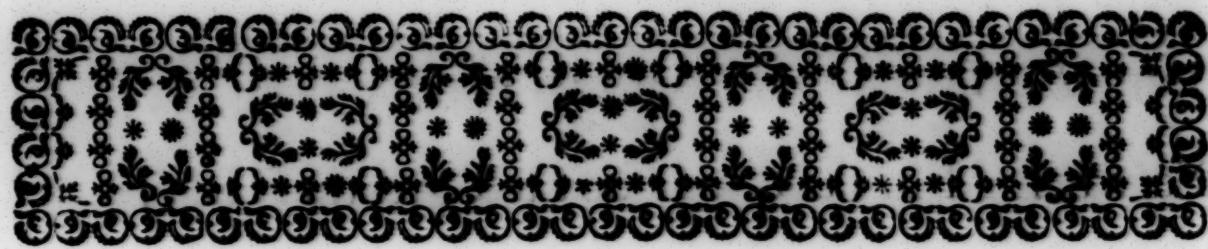
Y OUR determined resolution of publicly acknowledging the many obligations conferred on us by the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup>. *W. P--t*, and *H. L--ge*, Esqrs; during the happy period of their administration, demands from me the dedication of the following *Elegy*: I would not presume to advance the merits of it as worthy your acceptance, I am sensible it is neither adorned with learned eloquence, or studied phrases; it is nothing more than the fallies of imagination,

## DEDICATION.

uncultivated by frequent meditation. I present it to you as a just sense of my esteem for so many worthy men, I was going to say for *all*, and am now sorry to except *one* from my good opinion, one that has hitherto been deemed a *father* of the city, but *how are the mighty fallen!*

I therefore intreat your kind acceptance of this little performance as a grateful testimony of my sincere thanks, for so laudable a purpose, and be assured I shall ever think myself honour'd in approving myself

A CITIZEN.



A N

## E L E G Y.

HOULD *England* totter, its foundations  
shake,  
Our foes combining, and our All at stake,  
Our Forts destroy'd, our Garrisons surpriz'd,  
Deceit triumphant, and good Men despis'd ;  
Our Flag disgrac'd by Cowardice or worse,  
(For Bribes and Treachery's a dreadful Curse ;)  
Accumulating Debts will Ruin bring,  
A bankrupt nation sure's a dreadful thing.

Grant

Grant *England's* credit with its honour fled,  
O'erwhelm'd in debt, our boasted greatness dead ;  
The nation's wailings, and their prince's fears,  
The merchant's murmurs, and the widow's tears ;  
When each grave man is melancholy mad,  
And laughing youth in mournful musing sad ;  
When int'rest low'rs, and when stocks decay,  
When bankers break, and tradesmen run away ;  
At such a time should God's eternal grace,  
Stretch forth his arm to save a sinking Race ;  
Should his omnipotence at last decree  
To call forth P--T, and say that *this is He* ;  
This is my chosen, foremost on record,  
He shall do right, and vindicate my word ;  
I've try'd him, found him honest, good, and great,  
Faithful to man, whose soul is not ingrate.  
One more, a fav'rite too, upright and just,  
For your support I'll give th'important trust ;

And

And name him L--GE, as able to sustain  
 The weight of malice surely on them lain.  
 As pillars of the state, on these shall rest  
*England's* misfortunes, much with ills opprest.  
 What then ensued ? How sudden the transition,  
 Joy banished care, a good for bad condition ;  
 No vile invaders of the royal ear,  
 Honour, integrity, and justice clear ;  
 No fawning sycophants that bear the wink,  
 And learn by beck to act, to speak, to think ;  
 True to their trust, and loyal to their King,  
 To *England* friends, to *England's* foes a sting.  
 Greatly superior to the frauds of court,  
 Whose conscience dictates what their tongues report ;  
 Whose stable minds disdain a proffer'd bribe,  
 Whose great abilities have oft been try'd ;  
 Whose high ambition is the PUBLIC GOOD,  
 Cœlestial Glory ! rarely understood !

Prudent

Prudent their councils, learned their debates,  
 A curb to luxury, a prop to falling states.  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry virtue truly great,  
 Oeconomy's illustrious robes replete  
 With honour, sage philosophy and care,  
 With penetration deep and foresight clear ;  
 No secret robbers of the public trust,  
 Open, disinterested, nobly just :  
 Whose ample minds e'en offer'd to resign  
 Their dear-earn'd income, glorious the design !  
 To serve their wretched country, to preserve  
 The blessed birth-right BRITONS you deserve ;  
 " Accept our Service," was their last decree,  
 " We will resign our All to set you free."  
 Shew me such patriots,---search your records o'er,  
 Can *England* boast such patriot worth before ?  
 When first our Sov'reign call'd them to his aid,  
 On honour's wings they flew, nor were afraid

To

To vindicate the right against a throng  
 Of harden'd miscreants, ever in the wrong.  
 No flatt'ry footh'd their royal master's ear,  
 Honest and plain did word and act appear ;  
 What commendations doth that man deserve,  
 Who solely aims his countrymen to serve !  
 With acclamations BRITONs found his praise,  
 Whose Prince observed and approv'd his ways ;  
 Whose sov'reign master openly declar'd,  
 No plans of government so well appear'd ;  
 With approbation honour'd, and obey'd,  
 And vow'd till then in darkness he had stray'd ;  
 Like skilful oculists they clear'd the film,  
 Nor vainly strove to save a gangren'd Limb ;  
 They couched Majesty if I am right,  
 Dispers'd the filthy mist of darksome night ;  
 That deadly mist which years had been secreting,  
 Most 'noxious humours to the state of BRITAIN.

No wonder, countrymen, the times have been  
 So vile, corrupt, so very full of Sin ;  
 No wonder desp'rate battles have been lost,  
 Our fleets dispers'd, and well-laid schemes been crost ;  
 No wonder debts have still been heaping on,  
 T'oppress the father and enslave the Son ;  
 Let wonder cease, how strange soe'r things shew,  
 BRITONS rejoice it was not worse than so.  
 The mighty genius of our land began  
 To stem destruction, what a glorious plan !  
 Curtail'd Expence, discarded foreign force,  
 For our defence to *England* had recourse ;  
 Happy, ye BRITONS, had it been your Boast,  
 Long since to spurn exotics from your coast.  
 Who station'd ships along the *Indian* shore ?  
 Who sav'd *Jamaica* from oppressive pow'r ?  
 Whose care so provident in wafting o'er  
 Speedy supplies to the *American* shore ?

Where

Where shall each BRITON thankfully declare,  
 To whose great wisdom, whose paternal care,  
 Shall they their grateful praises loud bestow,  
 For deep researches after *England's* foe ?  
 Tho' last, not least, our adorations crave,  
 The well plan'd means to render *England* brave ;  
 Whom shall we thank for such a timely aid ?  
 Ye know the Man whom a militia pray'd :  
 Who us'd his utmost pow'r, his greatest skill,  
 To arm the nation and preserve us still.  
 What could he more ? can any tax his fame ?  
 What honest man his conduct dares to blame ?  
 His words and actions, both will stand the test,  
 Did he not save, where others have opprest ?  
 There points the dart, I've found the hidden clue,  
 He would not BRITONS, could not injure you ;  
 He clim's too high on virtue's craggy Hill,  
 And would expose the source of all our ill ;

There points the shaft, view his defects at large,  
Which his oppressors urge for his discharge.  
Th'impious clan observe th'impending storm,  
And all combine a wicked scheme to form ;  
A troubled conscience loads a perjur'd mind,  
Methinks these words are wasted in the wind ;  
While P--T remains they cry death hovers round,  
Not one of us are safe on *England's* ground ;  
Contrive ye then to put this monster by,  
If not, my friends to *France* we all must fly.  
Thus brooding o'er destruction's dismal cell,  
They crush the man who serv'd his country well ;  
The 'larum giv'n, each took his secret stand,  
As deadly locusts swarm a fruitful land ;  
Now here, now there, by turns they wing their flight,  
And watch their r---- m----- day and night ;  
Each secret avenue they strictly guard,  
Lest vice and virtue find their just reward.

Foul declamations swell their croaking notes,  
 And jealousies distend their husky throats ;  
 Insinuations dark disturb their sov'reign's ear,  
 Their clamour still encreasing with their fear ;  
 Such popularity is fearful, sure, they cry,  
 And black suspicion's shafts precipitately fly.

Great G-----E could ne'er such abject thoughts <sup>ceive</sup> con-  
 That he was terror-struck I'll ne'er believe ;  
 All know him honest, and I think him so,  
 He never yet wou'd screen old *England's* foe ;  
 Yet still, my friends, 'tis true he is a King,  
 And Kings deceiv'd is no uncommon thing.  
 How e'er it was, of this we're much too sure,  
 His m----- said, he needed him no more :  
 It may be so, but I'll be bold to say,  
 His country needs him to this very day.  
 God knows th'event, I'm fearful to declare  
 What BRITONS justly have been taught to fear :

Who's

Who's found so hardy to affirm for true  
 That liberty is flown away from you ;  
 Or who so rash will venture to make known  
 Our towns are plund'ring, and our trade o'erthrown ;  
 Assist me brethren, offer up your pray'rs,  
 Invoke *Jehovah* by your suppliant tears ;  
 If nought prevails, join me ye right'ous throng,  
 In pensive melancholy tune your song.  
 Mourn, mourn BRITANNIA, mourn thy drooping state,  
 In fable weep thy sad disastrous fate ;  
 Orphans and widows join thy doleful cries,  
 Let mothers groans distend the vaulted skies ;  
 Parents and chi!dren take a last farewell,  
 Let painful throbs your destinies foretell ;  
 The sacred nuptial bonds are now no more,  
 Husband and wife each others loss deplore ;  
 No more shall parents breasts with ardor burn,  
 In vain shall darlings lisP their fires return ;

Severe the task, your only hopes to fly,  
 Yet equal death to keep them company ;  
 What bitter pangs, what gushing tears must flow,  
 To see thy children slaughter'd by thy foe ?  
 Yet more severe, oh, *England*, where's thy fame,  
 To view thy sons gall'd sore with slav'ry's chain ?  
 What agonies distend the throbbing breast !  
 Distracting thought ! who here can stand the test ?  
 The joyful product of a virtuous flame,  
 Born free, a BRITON born, yet lives to shame ;  
 In whom your equal joys concenter'd prove,  
 The cement of your past and future love ;  
 Whose infant prattle cheer'd each drooping thought,  
 And, with his presence, joy and comfort brought ;  
 Ripe understanding early dawn'd his praise,  
 And sympathetic, in your hearts did raise  
 The glowing transports of a virtuous mind,  
 The highest reach of bliss for mortal man design'd.

Friendship

Friendship is flown, and friends are turn'd to foes,  
 View flav'ry's chain, and lift to freedom's throes ;  
 Now frowning discontent distorts each brow,  
 And murm'ring jealousies fly to and fro ;  
 Blear-ey'd suspicion baleful squints athwart,  
 A dismal train ! annex'd to ev'ry heart.  
 No more let BRITONS boast their happy birth,  
 No more let rustics till the fruitful earth ;  
 Black desolation spreads her wreck around,  
 And each good man is levell'd with the ground.



*F I N I S.*

